

The Sky Line Trail



Twin Falls, Yoho Valley.

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Official Organ of the
Sky Line Trail Hikers
of the Canadian Rockies.

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Yoho—The Beautiful

by Edward A. Shead

This is Yoho — miles of beauty, of rugged loveliness and inspiring grandeur. A Gateway to the Skylines of the World.

And here in Yoho, where the cabin stands on the shores of Summit Lake, the Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies will hold their summer camp.

Those of you who know the mountains will be coming back into your own—you who know that the long trail never ends; that always there are hills beyond hills, skylines beyond skylines; always something new.

But you who come for the first time to join the circle of the Trail Hikers, you who have yet to go over the "shoulders of the hills," will come wondering, questioning; and when you leave there will be born within you something that will remain eternally.

This summer in Yoho, from the camp which will be pitched by the bluegreen waters of Summit Lake, you will start out each day.

You will become a wanderer afoot, following your guide above timberline into a rugged world of towering heights and awesome depths. You will skirt mighty cliffs; crawl along the base of red walls; climb to the high places and gaze over a sea of peaks into the depths of hidden canyons and lost valleys.

Perhaps you will round the base of Mount Wapta where bluebells cluster on the talus slopes; then go on to where the wind-swept shoulder of Burgess Pass juts out against the sky 3,000 feet above the town of Field.

You may go by the way that leads over Yoho Pass and down through the forest from height to lesser height, by rippling creek and roaring waterfall to the tree fringed shores of Emerald Lake.

Or you may take the trail that winds upward about the slopes of Michael Peak and cross the mile-long stretches of boulder strewn morain below the Presidents. The Highline Trail that leads to Lookout Point, poised seven thousand feet above the world.

Wave on wave the peaks roll before you, snow-capped, splintered, rugged crags; mighty walls red and yellow streaked; long blue scars of canyon and precipice fading into the dimness.

That strange something within you, the yearning within your breast is reaching out for the

thing you feel. Somewhere here the answer is to be found. Something is here to be heard.

For within this mountain fastness that is Yoho, amid the silences, the peace and loneliness of this upflung world of peaks and minarets, dim trails, purple mistiness and infinite blue distance, there is a Message.

Beneath the crags, under the red granite walls enduring throughout eternity, a Voice strives to speak.

And if you should stand on Lookout Point at twilight, when purple veils hide the Valley floor and Cathedral Mountain, above the deepening blue of the lower hills, turns copper-gold in the sunset, the words of the Message will be clear.

From Lookout Point a trail leads to the Little Yoho — a land of upland mesas ablaze with the purple and white of mountain heather; of brawling rivers, placid lakes, and wind-carved ridges climbing to the snows and glaciers of Emerald Pass.

Or there is another way that goes to lovely Lake Celeste, to the soft beauty of Shadow Lake, and down to where the worn path dips into the clearing at Twin Falls.

In all the mountains there is no greater beauty than at Twin Falls. Bursting to freedom from deep fissures in the Barrier Rim the Falls roar down from a height of 600 feet. Clouds of spray soar in shimmering veils above the tips of the pines, and the wide veranda of a two-storyed cabin invites rest.

From here the Skyline Trail twists up the sheer face of the Barrier and leads on over the roof of the world, where the glaciers come down from the infinity of peaks to the north.

Then there is the Lower Trail winding down to Laughing Falls, Lake Duchesney, the Angel's Stairs, Bridal Veil Falls, mighty Takakkaw and the Yoho Valley Lodge.

And back of the bungalow, where tall pines cast dim shadows, a narrow path again leads upward, climbing from bench to bench and guiding you back to the cabin at Summit Lake.

These are the trails of Yoho. You will not find them all this summer. But there will be other summers.

Other summers when, back in your own world, you will look out upon a new day and hear, in the infinite stillness of the morning, the whispering of a Voice, distinct — compelling.

And you will know that the mountains have claimed you; and always they will hold you.

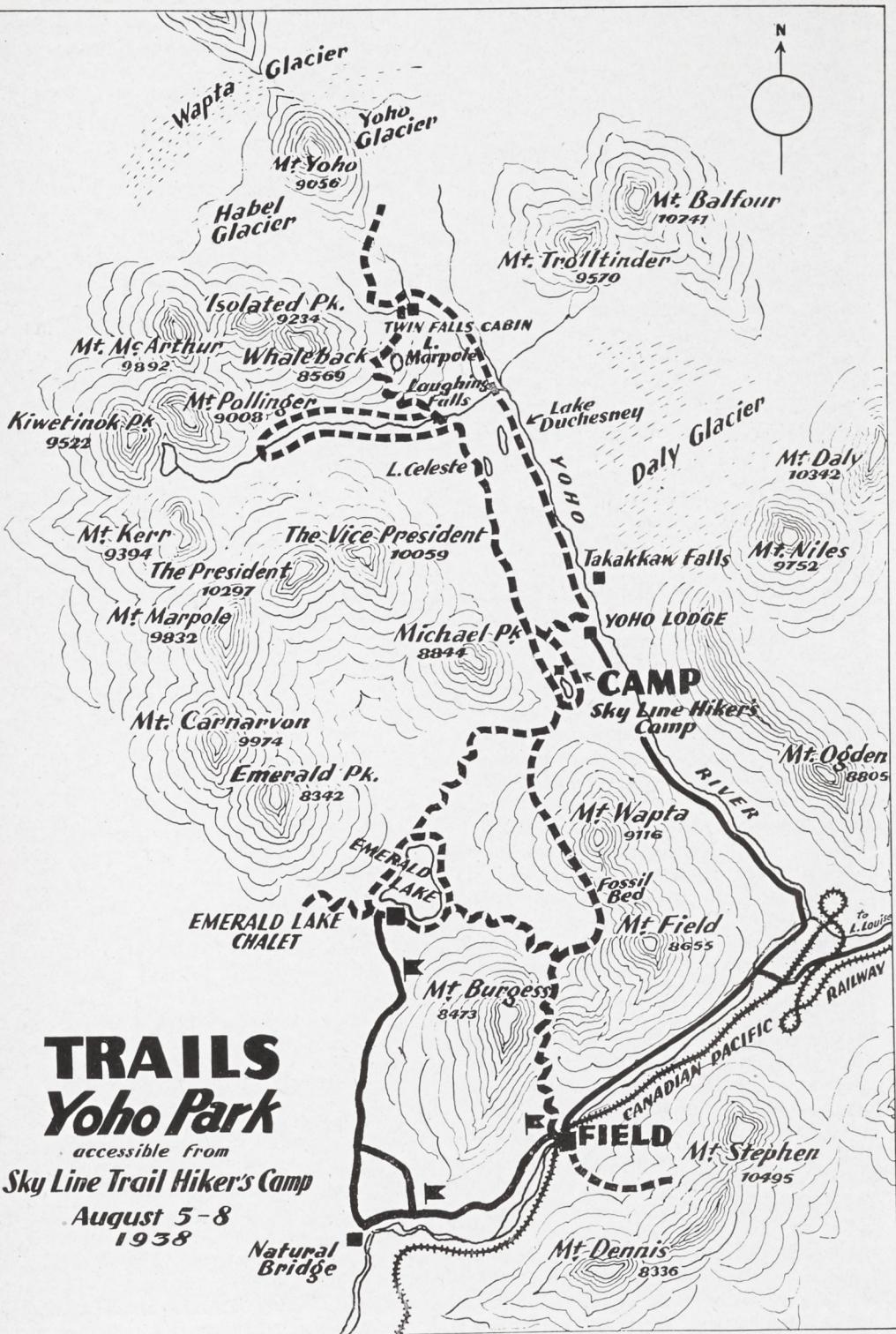
Reservations for the Sky Line Trail Hikers' Camp at Yoho Summit Lake should be made without delay. Rate \$20. for the four days August 5-8 covers cost of transporting duffle from Yoho Lodge to the Camp and return.

DAN McCOWAN,

Western Secretary.

Sky Line Trail Hikers

Banff, Alberta.



TRAITS

Yoho Park

accessible from
Sky Line Trail Hiker's Camp

August 5-8
1938

Natural Bridge

TRAILS INTO ANCIENT SEAS

By Carroll Lane Fenton

The late Dr. Charles D. Walcott, of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, was taking the high trail that leads along the shoulder of Mount Wapta, from Burgess Pass to Summit Lake. He stopped to push a stone from his way; finding it too large to move, he struck it with his geologic pick, called Jonah. Jonah loosened several slabs, and Dr. Walcott started to throw them from the narrow trail.

He started — but not one slab was thrown. To Dr. Walcott's amazement, those dull gray beds of stone were covered with remains of creatures that lived when western Canada was a sea floor, 450,000,000 years ago. There were glistening round or oval lamp-shells and cone-shaped coverings that belonged to distant cousins of snails. There were trilobites with spines and goggle eyes; there were trilobites that weren't spiny, whose heads were as eyeless as their tails. There even were trilobite babies, whose remains looked like wisps of satiny black lace on the dull stone.

Dr. Walcott collected and wrapped those fossils; then he sought the ledge from which they came. He found it upon the barren ridge, pitched his camp in woods far below, and began to open his quarry. Summer after summer he worked, taking out many thousands of fossils which now are among the principal treasures of the U. S. National Museum. But when work stopped in 1924, countless specimens still remained in the ridge high above the trail. Since that time, many others have weathered from slabs which Walcott and his workers dislodged but had no time to split.

Impatient hikers may reach the quarry by the "short" trail from Emerald Lake. Wise ones will wait until their camp is pitched on Yoho Pass, from which an easy route leads to the junction with the quarry trail. Beyond that, going is steep but not hard; views reward short stops to rest while flowers urge one to loiter even after he gets his second wind. As for chances to photograph; camera devotees may take an hour on that last half mile of trail!

At the quarry one puts his cameras away and gives his imagination to fossils. They take him back 450,000,000 years, to a time when the Rockies did not exist, and western Canada was a sea that joined the Arctic Ocean. Sunlight rippled through its water, falling on banks where pink and green lamp-shells swayed at the ends of tough, fleshy stalks. Trilobites scurried across the mud while creatures that looked and acted like shrimps swam through the greenish water. Seaweeds waved to and fro, while

jellyfish drifted or swam by expanding and then contracting their translucent, pale pink umbrellas. Their tentacles sometimes touched sponges which looked like thin vases encrusted with spun glass.

One imagines these things — and he finds them. Lamp-shells dot slabs that are scattered on the slopes; trilobites (especially tiny blind ones and babies) are common near the quarry. Countless bits of rock bear filmy seaweeds, and he who is willing to search an hour is almost sure to find a sponge. There also are remains of queer creatures with bodies like shrimps and shells like clams, though their fossils suggest flattened pods of peas. Indeed, "pods" is the nickname given them by Dr. Walcott.

Plume-like seaweeds were not the only plants that lived in the ancient West. Where the trail swings about Wapta's northwestern shoulder it crosses beds of weathered rock which show many black bands. Those bands seem to be one-time mats of slimy plants called algae, which grew like sorts that now cover lime flats near the Bahamas. When too much lime settles, the modern plants are killed. If that happened millions of years ago, it explains why some layers of stone are much lighter than others.

The High Line Trail to the Little Yoho passes slabs of "coralline" algae which glaciers have brought from the President Range. They look like the broken, limy branches which now cover the sea floor near many tropical reefs. Such fossils also occur at Ross Lake and along the trail overlooking Victoria Glacier, not far from Lake Louise.

Still larger, biscuit-shaped colonies form ledges among the tilted strata which rise in cliffs of the Whaleback, above the Sky Line Trail. Some are a few inches across; others are two to three feet thick and three to four feet in width. Still larger ones lie beside the switchbacks between Glacier Basin and the tea house at the foot of Twin Falls. They help form the cliffs over which the falls plunge and their masses, as much as six feet wide, are among the boulders on which drifting spray deposits a coat of clay. One tries to estimate their weight, and is amazed by the mass of lime which was packed into jelly-like colonies of plants.

Such specimens have two defects. They are vastly too large to go in a knapsack; they can't even be wrapped in tarpaulins and put among the array of duffle that patient — if somewhat haughty — pack ponies will take from the Sky Line Camp. The masses also are so large that they look like mere stones; and since they are very primitive plants, they can't have the beautiful shapes of marine animals. Investigate them if you enjoy puzzles — but if you want really beautiful fossils, go to the Walcott quarry between Mount Wapta and Mount Field!

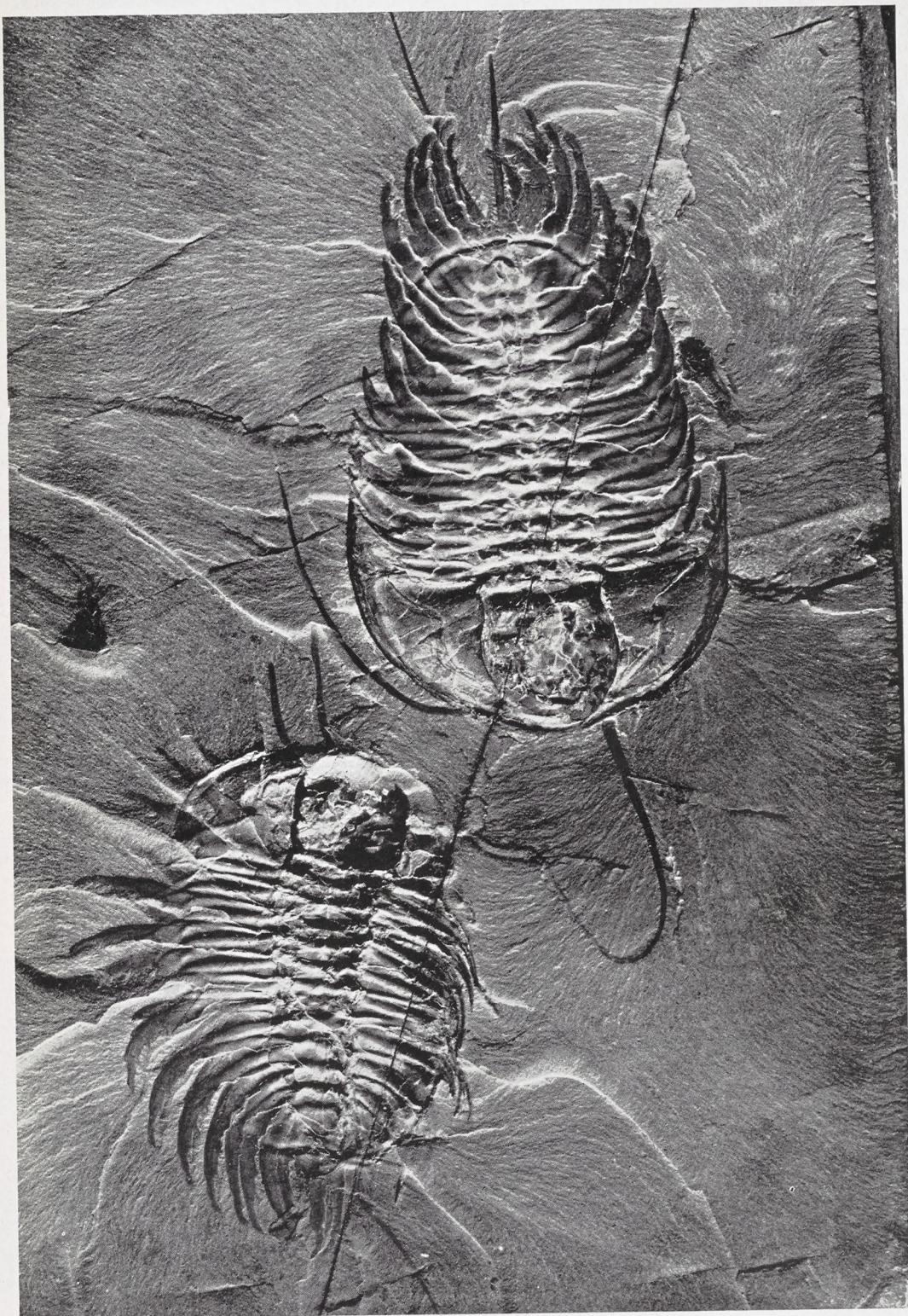


Photo by Caroll Lane Fenton

Two trilobites on a slab of a shale from the Walcott Quarry near Yoho Pass—dating 500,000,000 years ago.

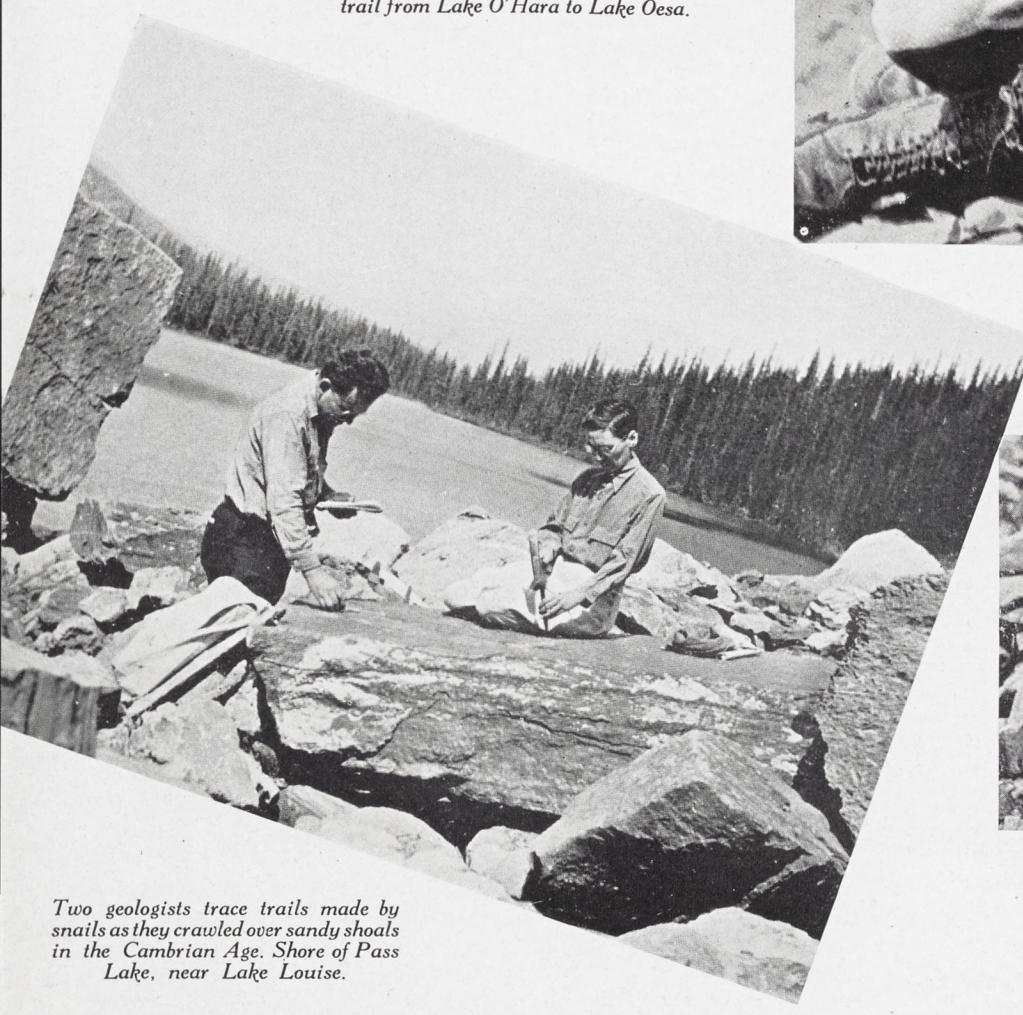
Life in Yoho



Where trilobites grubbed in the mud for worms 500,000,000 years ago. This slab lies beside the trail from Lake O'Hara to Lake Oesa.



Splitting a "pod" from the ridge between Mt. Fairweather and Mt. Wapta.



Two geologists trace trails made by snails as they crawled over sandy shoals in the Cambrian Age. Shore of Pass Lake, near Lake Louise.



Dark bands in this rock at Mt. Wapta, were made by algae which grew 450,000,000 years ago.

The Sky Line Trails in the Canadian Rockies today were trails at the bottom of the sea half a billion years ago. These trails into ancient seas.



from blackish shale
on Mt. Wapta and
field.



rock, from the trail on Mt.
mats of sea-plants which
,000 years ago.



Egg shaped colonies of sea-plants, from cliffs
above Lake Oesa near Lake O'Hara.



Collecting fossils from loose slabs of
shale at the Walcott Quarry near Yoho
Pass. Hikers may find shells, trilo-
bites and sea-weeds with very little
search.

Photos by Carroll Lane Fenton



Photo by Peter White

Gordon and Putnam Brinley.

IMMORTALIZING THE SKY LINE HIKERS

After six years of existence the Sky Line Trail Hikers have achieved the distinction of getting into the pages of a book, and a very delightful book it is. The joint authors are Putnam and Gordon Brinley, whose presence at Larch Valley last Summer was so welcome — Putnam the artist and Gordon the writer, both very distinguished in their own spheres of activity. The book is called "Away to the Canadian Rockies and British Columbia," and forms one of the series of travel books by the Brinleys, each of which has been a best seller. This should surely be the most popular of all, for it has eight colour plates in addition to a number of sketches in black and white, and Gordon Brinley has been inspired by her surroundings to write a really notable book.

Her style is fresh and limpid, just like a clear mountain stream, and ever and anon she adds little human touches that are very delightful. Here for instance is what she says of her tepee in Larch Valley:

"The amazing thing is that one becomes enamoured of tepees; they are astonishingly comfortable, far more so than tents, because in them one can have a fire.

"If you happened to have brought a piece of string in your pocket, you fastened an end of it to one of the eight supporting poles of the tepee, and another end to another, and Voila! a line upon which to hang a wet stocking, or a necktie. You were in residence.

"The first night, after having got carefully and comfortably tucked into your sleeping-bag, you discovered that everything you wanted at hand was just beyond reach. This taught you to always have your duffle bag (a little one!) close to your head. You learned it was best when you took off

your boot (almost all there was to getting to bed) to keep them beside you under the edge of your sleeping-bag so they wouldn't be any colder in the morning; and you kept within the sleeping-bag every article of clothing, because during the nights dew wets the canvas sides of the tepee and falls through its top opening. Anything left around during the night is too wet for comfort the next morning until dried by the sun or the heat of a fire, both of which may or may not be present.

"The historic first night in a tepee, if you are a new hand at camping, you exclaim, 'Why did I come!' The last night of a camping trip you say to somebody you have learned to like tremendously — because only the very nicest people love the out-of-doors, 'How can I possibly leave?' Slipping out of her tepee on the first morning, this is what she saw:

"A golden radiance filled Larch Valley, mingling with an atmosphere of tonic freshness as it poured over eastern heights that as yet hid the orb of the sun. Surrounded by a stillness as tremendous as the mountains themselves, and a light of piercing loveliness, I moved slowly to a rise of land south of the encampment; there I turned to face the way I had come and saw stretching before me the whole silvered valley.

"From the valley's far-away northern end, where Pinnacle Mountain rose to the sky, there came to me the whiteness of water falling without any sound to frosted levels, and the gleam of water winding through growth of a grey-green bottom, until it flowed into the open near white canvas tepees whose sloping sides rose shining with frozen dew."

Two whole chapters are given to the account of the Sky Line Trail Hikers Camp of 1937, and in her pleasantly informal way Gordon Brinley brings in some of those who were there — Elizabeth Booz, Miss Harper, R. H. Palenske, Dan and Mrs. McCowan, Allan Crawford, Mrs. A. O. Wheeler, Dr. Gow, Peter and Catherine Whyte, Mrs. James Simpson, Bert the Cook, Walter Feuz, Frank Panabaker, Mrs. Phil Moore, Carl Rungius, Sam. Ward and A. O. Wheeler.

Gordon Brinley has given us here an unforgettable picture of an unforgettable camp. Putnam Brinley's drawings are also delightful, and the book is one to treasure. It is published in the United States by Dodd, Mead, New York, and in Canada by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.



Sky Line Trail Hikers

OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

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Whereas _____ has qualified for
Life Membership under Section 6 of Article 6 of the By-Laws which reads

Members holding qualification of 50 miles and upwards
may compound their paid and future dues by payment
of \$10.00 which shall absolve them from further payment
of annual dues, and include a Life Membership Certificate
upon the additional payment of \$1.00 but shall not exempt them
from special dues or assessments, should such be considered necessary.

This Certificate is granted to the above mentioned member who has fulfilled all the necessary conditions
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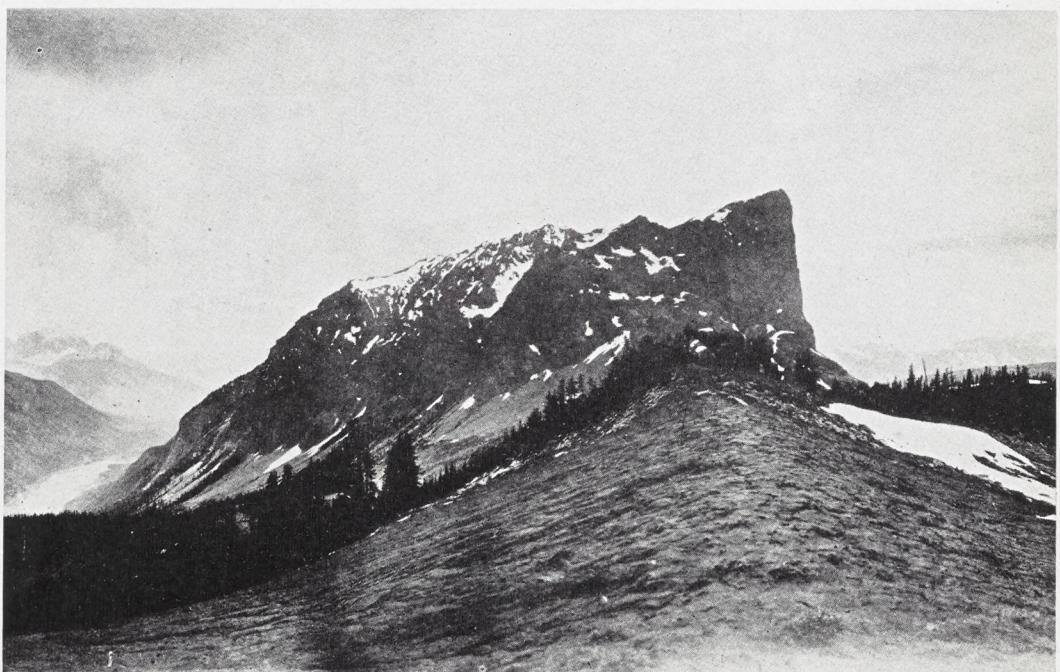
President

The new Life Membership Certificate for the Sky Line Trail Hikers designed by R. H. Palenske.

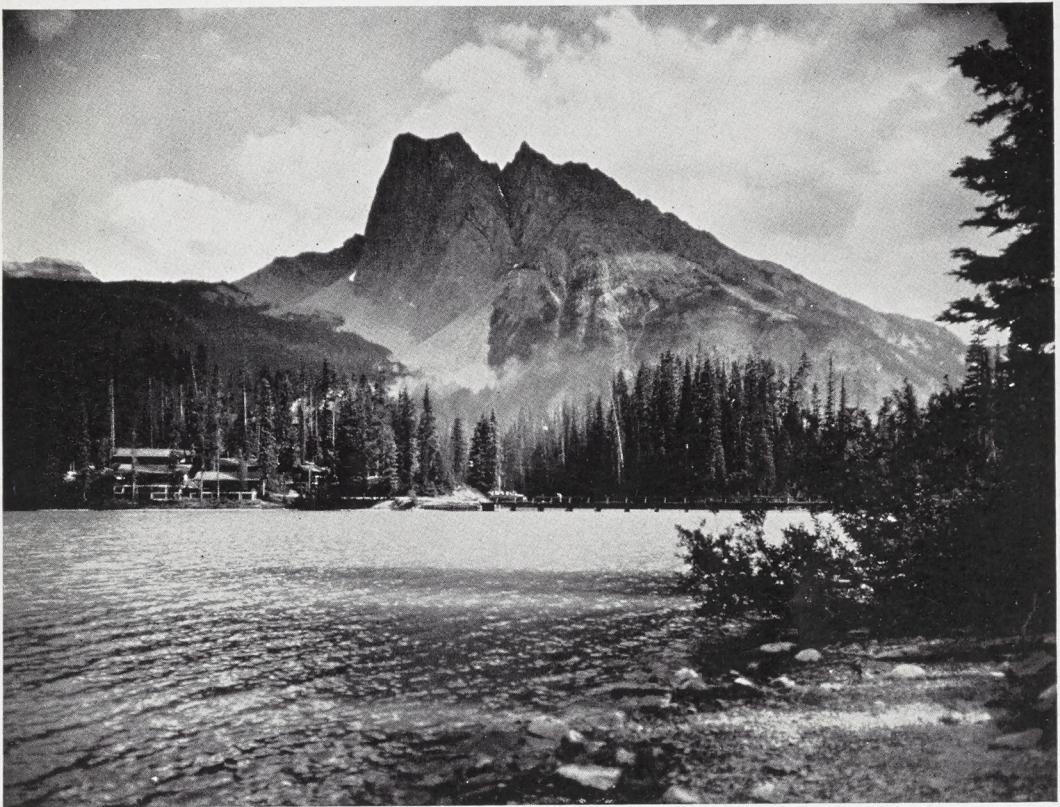


Yoho Glacier and Mount Gordon

Photo by Associated Screen News



Burgess Pass near the Sky Line Trails Hikers Camp



Mount Burgess and Emerald Lake Chalet



Reflections in Emerald Lake

Photos by C.P.R.

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